THE ROHWER TRANSMITTER

We join in extending our cordial Season's Greetings to you all. Although the world is still at war, we can have peace in our hearts if we would accept God's greatest Gift--the Lord Jesus Christ.

Let us give thanks "for there is born to this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

Dr. W. M. Garrott
Dr. S. K. Hata
Adjt. T. Hirahara
Rev. M. Kakihara
Rev. K. H. Sakaue
Rev. Y. Sasaki
Rev. K. T. Shiraishi
Miss Teiko Asaki
Mrs. Bette Kira
Miss Carrie Mc Crory
Miss Anna Bell Williams
Miss Janet Smith
Mrs. T. Hirahara
Mrs. Ruth Niiya

December 12, 1944

My dear friends,

Your lovely Christmas package arrived today and I opened it before a number of our British employee. When I told them who had sent it they wanted to know all about you so I almost had a little class session right there as I told them about the wonderful year I spent at Rohwer getting to know some of the finest folks I've ever known in my life. They were so interested and said, "Tell us more. We didn't know Japanese people could be like that." And I wanted to cry at the ignorance that still exists even as we fight a war to abolish intolerance. Yet surely it isn't in vain because a few of us all the time are becomingming fast friends and somehow, someday let's hope the whole world will follow suit. I'm thinking about Rohwer tonight. I've heard from so many of my friends from Rohwer recently. May the Lord comfort and guide you through the new year ahead. And may I add a very humble thank you for thinking of me.

Your friend,
Margaret Sorenson

c/o American Red Cross
APO 413 c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

IT ALWAYS COMES

by KIMII NAGATA

It may not come with shouts of joy,
With merry sleigh bell ringing;
It may not come with lots of toys,
BUT CHRISTMAS ALWAYS COMES!

Let not misfortunes bind you strong,
Though loved ones you have lost;
Let barrack rafters ring with song,
FOR CHRISTMAS ALWAYS COMES!

May every girl and every boy,
May youth and old alike
O'erflow with thankfulness and joy
THAT CHRISTMAS ALWAYS COMES!

If it may seem to you this year
That there's no BRIGHTEST STAR,
Have trust, have faith in Him, sincere
THEN CHRISTMAS ALWAYS COMES!

MY MOST VIVID CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE

It was the first Christmas after the homegoing of my sister, Ruth, who had a large share in making the Christmases of my childhood such glorious experiences; the Christmas that followed Pearl Harbor; the Christmas Betsy and I spent in Richmond, wondering whether our Daddy, in Tokyo, was in an internment camp--or worse. And yet it stands out in my ming as one of the best Christmases I have ever known.

Why?, BECAUSE I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR MAKING CHRISTMAS HAPPY FOR OTHER PEOPLE. I had no time to grieve for Ruth, while I brushed Alice Ruth's curls, or helped her daddy fill her stocking. I could not give way for Maxfield while his baby gazed at the Christmas tree and the rocking horse Santa had brought her. My heart was filled with joy as I sought to make my home a place of Christmas joy for others.

Mrs. W. Maxfield Garrott

Christmas Greeting from the San Luis Valley, Alamosa, and Adams State Teachers' College.

Dear Friends,

Just a bit about the San Luis Valley, my latest home, to which I moved on Sept. 27, to be head of the English department of the Adams State Teachers' College.

This valley...is saucer-shaped. Since the rainfall is light, it is covered with dry-land shrubs, but it is a fine example of an artesian basin. There are many old Spanish-American communities in the valley...Alamosa, seat of the college, is near the center of the valley on the Rio Grande River. It is a busy little trading and cattle-shipping center...I am happy in my work here, and I am enjoying new associations, even though I long at times to see my old friends...."

With warm affection for
old friends and new,
Mildred Silver

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20- 6-F, Rohwer Relocation Center
Mc Gehee Arkansas

THE ANGELS SING

"And suddenly there was with
the angel a multitude of the
heavenly host praising God."

What is it that we hear?
The angel choir?

It cannot be-----
For huge bombs crash,
The mighty cannon roar.
The finest of all lands
Lie bruised and dead upon
the battle fields.
And hearts break everywhere.
Amid such tragedy and woe,
Such slaughter of man by
fellow man,
Can angels sing?

And yet they sing
As sing they do alway
(Not only at Christmas time.)
"Peace on earth-----
Among men in whom He is
well pleased."

It is no dream.
They sing! They sing
Because they know
That some day wars shall cease
For men will learn and live
the better way
Of brotherhood in Christ.
Anna Bell Williams

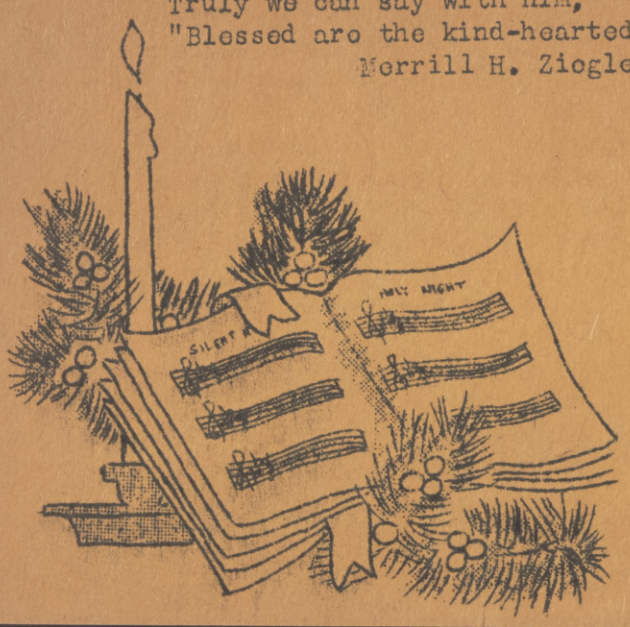
BLESSED ARE THE KIND-HEARTED

Matthew 5:5 "Blessed are the meek,--" has been interpreted many ways by scores of writers and preachers. Ferrar Fenton has brought a new meaning direct from the Greek by saying that the word which was translated "meek" also means "kind-hearted."

Christ was evidently quoting from Psalm 37:11 where we find in the King James Version, "But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace." Here Dr. Fenton, quoting from the original Hebrew gives us:

"But the kind will inherit the land, And enjoy its perfection of peace."

Truly we can say with him,
"Blessed are the kind-hearted."
Merrill H. Ziegler



A Merry Christmas
A Joyous Noel!

Dear Friends of the Rohwer
Federated Christian Church:

My days with you were so full of inspiration and joy that my heart has been grateful to overflowing ever since for the privilege of being with you.

I thank you for your faith in Christ which shone in your lives in the midst of your problems. I thank you for your generous gift to me.

My life is enriched by sharing in your mission and by being with you. May God's holiest blessings be with your church, and you, each and everyone, and may our friendship, through prayer, ever deepen with the years. I am,
Your friend in Christ,
Hilda L. Ives

MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

It never comes to Christmas
But I think about the times,
We used to save our pennies
And our nickels and our dimes;
And we bunched them all together.
Even little brother
Put something for the present,
We always gave to mother.

We began to talk about it
Very early in December
'Twas a very serious matter
To us children, I remember,
And we used to whisper nightly
Our suggestion to each other,
For by nothing cheap and tawdry
Could we show our love for mother.

Hers must be gift of beauty
To symbolize her ways;
It must represent the sweetness
And the love that marked her days.
It must be the best our money,
All combined, had power to buy,
And be something that she longed for;
Nothing else would satisfy.

Then it mattered not the token,
Once the purchase has been made.
It was smuggled home and hidden
And with other treasures laid.
And we placed our present
Proudly in her lap on Christmas Day,
And we laughed her tears away.

It never comes to Christmas
But I think about the times,
W e used to save our pennies
And our nickels and our dimes;
And the only folks I envy
Are the sister and the brothers
Who still have the precious privilege
Of buying for their mothers.
American Child

Christmas Greetings